

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

Particulars of a Sad Love Affair—A Very Unfortunate Misunderstanding.

(See Perley Poore.)

Mr. Buchanan was regarded almost at the commencement of his congressional career, as a confirmed bachelor, his first and only love affair having had a sad termination. The lady's name was Ann Coleman, and she was the daughter of a proud, wealthy citizen of Lancaster. In 1827 Mr. Buchanan was elected to congress, and the next long session was continued far into July, when he returned home to the Baltimore stage, tired and dusty. After he had washed and changed his clothes, he started out for a short stroll, in his dressing-gown and slippers.

Miss Grace Hutley, sister-in-law to William Jennings, who resided on the corner of South Queen street, the terminus of the southwest angle, happening to be sitting in the parlor with all the windows open on account of the heat, noticing that Mr. Buchanan had returned, went to the door, and, passing the compliments of the evening, invited him in, with which he complied, and they seated themselves by a large open window and engaged in conversation. Not more than twenty minutes thereafter an anonymous note was handed in to Miss Coleman, stating that Mr. Buchanan was too tired to call on his affianced, but that he could call on and sit and chat with Miss Hutley.

On perusing the note Miss Coleman was naturally somewhat troubled, and her father insisted upon seeing it. His offended dignity was at once in arms, and within an hour the daughter was placed in the family carriage and on the way to Philadelphia to visit her sister, Mrs. Judge Hemmell. Knowing the unrelenting nature of her father, and probably feeling hurt at the innuendo thus anonymously conveyed to her, although an intelligent and accomplished young lady, and very much attached to her betrothed lover, she became despondent, and in her despair took laudanum and was a corpse on the day following her reaching Philadelphia. Mr. Buchanan requested permission to attend the funeral as chief mourner, but was refused. Being a man of ardent affection, and entirely devoted to his betrothed, Mr. Buchanan's mind was nearly unbalanced at the sudden calamity which had befallen him, so much so, indeed, that his friends became uneasy, and Judge Franklin persuaded him to remain in his family a few days. He never forgot his early love, so sadly terminated.

The Man Next You.

(Philadelphia Press.)
"There is a man whom I know to be a gentleman since once I saw him buy a pair of gloves," said a somewhat cynical observer of human nature. "To most people the girl behind the counter who waits on them is a tool, an instrument of their convenience. He showed, without any fuss, that he recognized in her a human being at whose hands he desired a service. And it brightened up a dull face to be so treated."
This business of getting into right human relations with other human beings is a large part of the best culture of character. It is a mistake when we touch on any other human life, however lightly and on the surface, without recognizing practically the humanity which is there. We impoverish human relations by this merely external contact of man with man; and we do each other great harm at times by not getting a little nearer.

Now there is in the meanest and humblest a something which rises up against this treatment. Men hate to be nothings, or to be tools. They want some recognition of their personality, their individuality. Much of the popular form of religious faith is vital through demand for recognition. The poor man says: "How I am nobody, despised by those who force the attention of the world upon themselves. But God heads me. I am not a nobody to Him. And the day is coming when the manifestation of His love will lift me out of this neglect and obscurity into recognition and honor." It is remarkable what a part this element plays in the popular notion of the future life.

Silk Rag Carpets.

(New York Herald.)

Down in a dingy, dim and dirty little basement under a rickety old building on the Bowery is carried on an industry whose products are as beautiful as they are fashionable. It is a new freak in fancy work and rather a sensible one.

This new wrinkle is nothing more nor less than a silk rag carpet. Old silk dresses, sashes and ribbons are cut up into little strips, the colors mixed indiscriminately together, and woven into a thick rug like a Turkey carpet. Threads of gold and silver braid are run in to give the mass an occasional glitter here and there. Then with elaborate borders attached they are hung up to act as portieres or window curtains.

This little Bowery cellar is the only place where they are woven. Little do the occupants of fashionable drawing-rooms imagine that the pretty fabrics are made by the brawny Missian, with spectacles and a black pipe, and that by the aid of two flickering candles set in the dust of the cumbersome loom he blends the colors together with the eye of an artist.

An Incredible Waiter.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"Two beers, two ginger ales, and a glass of water," ordered one of five friends who dropped into a restaurant.

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THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story,

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Philip watched every mail for the expected letter which was to forever rid him of Henry Graham, but as the days passed and it did not come he grew uneasy. "She can't have got frightened and concluded not to send it or has decided to expose me; she's idiot enough to do either." He said no more to Julia about Henry, but he ground his teeth whenever he came and he saw how happy Julia looked. One morning after a night of fretting and invoking everything pleasant on the head of Miss Castle, the expected letter came. It had been the custom ever since he first came, for Philip to distribute the mail. He knew the letter at a glance and while pretending to be busy sorting the rest of the mail keenly watched Julia.

She opened the letter first in evident wonder, which gave way to a look of bewilderment, then overwhelming comprehension as she forced herself to read it twice to the end, then folded it and as she thought, slipped it into her pocket, but it only lodged in the folds of her dress.

When she rose to leave the table with the others at the close of the meal, the letter slipped from her dress to the carpet and Chatty who had been observing her, put her foot on it, lingered to get some flowers from the table until the others were out of the room then stooped and picked it up.

"Something is wrong and this letter explains it; she won't tell me herself, so I'll find out and see what can be done."

She passed the sitting room, where she supposed the others were and went up stairs, at the top of the steps she met Julia coming down and evidently looking for something. "I have dropped a letter," she said.

"I don't see it," said Chatty, looking at the wall opposite.

Going to her room she locked the door and we blush to tell it, but she read the letter through. Let the motive excuse the act.

"That is it, is it? and she says that he belonged to her, well, Miss Castle, I don't want to be impolite, but I must say that I don't believe you, a girl with the kind of spirit which you show in this letter is hardly one whom Henry Graham would love, besides I don't believe him at all dishonorable; no man with his countenance could be. How could she have heard so much about Julia and Henry? Philip! the thought came naturally enough to her, for she made him the scapegoat for all misdeeds. His absence occurred to her, his restlessness since his return, his condescension towards Henry. "Yes it is you, I can see. We will see about this, Mr. Philip; it lies between you and Chatty, instead of Julia, who will be victor, time will tell."

In the midst of her thoughts a rap came on her door and Jim appeared. "Mr. Philip and Miss Julia are going for a drive and want to know if you will go."

"Not this morning, some other time, tell them." At the same time preparing to change her slippers for walking shoes and putting on a hat with a thick veil, then going out she locked her door after her and went down the back stairs.

"Tell mama if she asks for me that I'm out walking. Sam went with Julia and Philip, did he not?"

"None, Mr. Philip drove," Jim told her. Chatty hurried to Sam's quarters, "Aunt Tillith, where is Sam?"

"Here, Miss Chatter, here I is, poor persecuted creature, looking up some ole clogs, I can't get Litha to do nothin but fuss, I ax her ter look fer em, but she's all nattered she won't do nothin but smoke and growl. Next time I marry I'm goin to get a woman that don't smoke, backer is good fer the stomach of man, so a postle says, but it allus makes a woman ill nattered," and Sam came out of a corner with a pair of pants hanging over his arm. "But come in, honey; what has you got that veil on such a hot day and what does yer wani?"

"I want to see you on particular business, Sam."

"Ah, dat means yer don't want no woman and white eyed chillun cluded," Sam growled throwing down the pants he held and coming out.

"Sam have you anything in particular to do this morning?" asked Chatty when they were some little distance from the door.

"No honey, nothin very tickular, just to change my habilliments, then sweep the yard and rub up the harness and look arter the garden, nothin very tickular tho."

other road turned off, here was a grove of trees, Chatty entered it and sat down on a log to wait.

She had only been there a short time when she heard the sound as if a horse was coming at full speed up the road, she drew behind a bough for concealment, at the same moment a flying figure passed her, the ragged tails of his long coat standing straight out behind him, hat in hand, a cloud of dust in the rear, Sam going home.

Several minutes elapsed and Chatty was beginning to be a little frightened at her own timidity in coming out alone on that rather lonely road and to think that it was probably better to let people attend to their own affairs, when she heard a step coming near and Henry came in sight and bent his steps toward the little grove.

There is something in a good and brave man's face which gives comfort and assurance to the weak and fearful; one look into the face before her gave Chatty renewed courage, whatever was best to be done she felt that his sense would dictate and will promote.

"You wished to see me," said Henry after he had pleasantly greeted her and taken a seat on the log by her side, a little bewildered, but with an undefined feeling that in some way Julia was connected with the proceeding.

For answer Chatty placed the letter in his hands. He glanced at the direction then inquiringly at Chatty.

"Read it," she said with a nod.

He read it through, the merry look leaving his face and one of wonder, indignation and disgust took its place.

"Did she write it, you think?" asked Chatty when he had finished.

"I didn't believe her or any other woman capable of such falsehood," said Henry, "but it seems that she wrote it, her name is there. What could have prompted her to do such a thing is beyond my comprehension. I never tried to make an impression on her virgin heart and was not aware until now of my good fortune in that respect. I wish there was a man in it," said Henry rising with a laugh, "I would like to thrash some one in my present humor."

Chatty thought it highly probable that there was one in it, but wisely kept her thoughts to herself.

"Your sister does not believe it does she? She don't think me capable of being such a puppy?"

"I think it highly probable that she does; only does not put it in exactly the light that you do."

"I can't see why she did it," said Henry in a puzzled and embarrassed way, "I will write to her immediately and inquire."

"Wait a moment," said Chatty, "don't you think that I can do this better than you? It will save her feeling in a measure and now that I know you innocent I have no further hesitancy in the matter. Let me write to her and tell her that her secret is not in safe hands, that I will tell you all about it unless she instantly states the matter truly; I will then show you the result and is not perfectly satisfactory you can take whatever step you like."

"You are both kind and thoughtful," said Henry gratefully, "I have no hesitancy in leaving my cause in your hands, sure that it will not suffer."

After a good deal more talk in which Chatty told him she thought it best that he stay away from Julia until after the letter from Covington could be received, that she would send Sam to notify him of the time, they rose to go.

Henry walked with her as far as he deemed it advisable, when they parted he said, "Give your sister my dear love for I do love her as never man loved before, tell her that my every thought is of her or connected with her in some way, everything reminds me of her, if a bird sings I find it calls her name, or has a voice like hers, the earth beneath, the sky above, my own soul speaks always of her. I didn't know that love would make a man so silly; I suppose Edward thinks me a sorry specimen for he goes off to himself to get rid of me and my talk."

Julia and Philip had not yet returned from their drive when Chatty reached home. She went to her room, laid off her hat, wrote a terse but comprehensive letter to Miss Castle and dispatched it by Jim. Then changing her walking dress and shoes for a house dress and slippers she took her work and went down stairs to the sitting room where her mother was reclining on a couch reading.

"I thought that you had gone with Philip and Julia," she said, glancing at Chatty.

"No, I didn't feel like going this morning."

"I am glad you did not," said the lady after a short silence, "if Philip intends to propose to Julia it is quite time. I must speak to Julia about that young Graham visiting her so often, I have submitted to it thus far thinking it might hurry Philip, but it's quite time there was a stop put to it."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

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ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS.

Music, Mirth and Love Making.
The following special dispatch was received at this office at a late hour last night:

ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS, June 25.—The Julia Brothers' Shreveport Orchestra and the Stanford Gold and Silver Cornet Band have both been engaged to enliven the guests at Rock Castle Springs this season. A very accomplished and brilliant pianist will also favor the assembled multitude with daily concerts. Floating concert and bathing carnival every afternoon. Ball Room, Skating Rink and Ten Pin Alley open six nights every week. Balcony tele-tetes prohibited after 11 o'clock. Progressive Encores from 9 to 12:30. Quail and Crapoe at all hours. Now will you come? S. P. H.

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The debate, which has been adjourned for a short time on account of sickness, will be open Saturday night when our orators will endeavor to ascertain which has been the most detrimental to this State, whiskey or firearms.

—Our town presents a very deserted appearance to-day, as the young folks are all at home endeavoring to get rid of the headaches engendered at the dance Tuesday night and the old folks are in close attendance lecturing on the folly of dissipation and citing their own experiences as proof.

—Mr. M. F. Herring has bought a part of the Gentry farm opposite Dalton and will remove there in a short time. J. M. Martin sold a yoke of cattle to Jas. Light for \$142. N. W. Sampson sold 20 lambs to Dave Prewitt at \$5 per cwt. and Chas. Ware sold a lot of corn to J. F. Kay at \$3 per barrel.

—Mrs. Sue Holmes, a pretty young widow of Crab Orchard, spent a few days with Mrs. C. M. Jones. Mrs. Margaret Pollock is visiting Mrs. P. H. Napier. Misses Nora Lynn and Lee Middleton, of Louisville, are guests of Miss Sallie Murphy. Miss Kate Davis, of Crab Orchard, is visiting Miss Addie Martin. Miss Maggie Hendricks, a pretty and attractive young lady, of Stanford, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Martin. Miss Jennie Cooby, of Junction City, is at Mrs. Wall Tucker's. Miss Sue Bourne has gone to Somerset, where she will make her future home. A. T. Martin is threatened with fever. Mrs. J. B. Ball is some better and it is hoped by her friends that she will entirely recover.

—Children were born to a mother and daughter at the same time and in the same house in Illinois the other day. The babies were dressed and put in the cradle together. When they were taken up soon after neither mother knew her own child, and to-day they are still wondering which is which.

—The Harrodsburg Democrat tells of 23 houses now under process of erection in that town. L. D. Cardwell has 10 of them.

That Dirty Dandruff.

Dandruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way. It soils the clothing continually and is accompanied by a hardly less annoying sensation of itching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in the world so thoroughly adapted to this trouble as Parker's Hair Balm. It cleanses and heals the scalp, stops the falling hair and restores its original softness, gloss and color. It is not oily, highly perfumed, an elegant dressing. Very economical, as only a small occasional application keeps the hair in perfect condition.

What Parents Fear.

Many persons—especially parents—object to many quick nostrums as likely to engender or encourage a love for strong drink. They are right. Better side of disease than of drunkenness. The use of Parker's Tonic does not involve this danger. It not only builds up the system, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, but it stimulates without intoxicating and absolutely cures the appetite for liquor.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats and mice. 15c. "Rough on Corns" for Corns and Bunions. 15c. Thin people, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, etc. 5c. "Rough on Toothache" gives instant relief. 15c. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Buchu-palpa," great kidney and urinary cure. Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. "Rough on Coughs," troches, 15c; liquid, 25c. For children, slow in development, puny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer." "Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." 5c. Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c. Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-palpa." 5c. Night sweats, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." 5c. My husband (writes a lady) is three times the man since using "Wells' Health Renewer." 5c. If you are falling, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." 5c. Prevalence of Kidney complaint in America; Buchu-palpa" a quick, complete cure. 5c.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and affecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

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Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own productions, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Canned Goods are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we cordially ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully,
TAYLOR BROTHERS.

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W. P. WALTON.

MR. VILAS, the Postmaster General, does not believe in making his department a mere political machine and its 40,000 postmasters and 100,000 direct and indirect employees, a lot of henchmen for a political chief, regardless of the interest of the service or of the people. The republican party has used it to advance its interests and that accounts for about all the scandals which have surrounded the service. He thinks this is a good time to break up the notion that the postmasterships are the peculiar property of politicians and that everything must be subservient to their convenience and purposes. Continuing he says: "I believe, of course, that the offices as a rule should be given to persons who are in accord with the views of Administration, but there should be some discrimination exercised so as to secure the person who is most satisfactory to the majority of the community in which the office is situated. Instances have occurred in which an entire community have supported one man and the member of Congress insisted on another and gained his point. This, I think, is wrong, and will not occur with my knowledge and consent while I have anything to say." All other things being equal he will differ to the recommendation of the Congressmen but that individual's endorsement will not always suffice. Mr. Vilas is fully imbued with the spirit which animates President Cleveland in the desire for a pure and honest administration, and is resolved to assist him to his fullest extent. So far they have made few if any mistakes.

LAWLESSNESS and murder still run riot in Rowan, Letcher, Knox and Bell counties and there seems no alternative but for the Governor to send troops to the scene and subdue the rascals or shoot them down like dogs. Governor Knott very commendably tried persuasion on them and endeavored to stay the riotous proceedings by an appeal to their manliness and citizenship and these having failed, coercion is the only means left him and we are glad to know that he is equal to the occasion by holding troops under marching orders to move the moment they are demanded. The law-breakers can and must be suppressed, if it takes every soldier and citizen in the State.

The silence on the part of the newspapers concerning the Hon. Philip B. Thompson, Jr., was growing serious and we were beginning to hope that that much discussed individual was to be allowed to retire from public view, but here comes a Washington dispatch saying that he has just won a case with a \$5,000 fee and this will serve to advertise him for sometime. By the way a man who can make a \$5,000 fee in a single case ought to be glad the people refused to continue him as a Congressman, at a salary of but \$5,000 for a whole year.

THE REV. T. U. DUDLEY took several pages in the Century Magazine to discuss the subject, "How shall we help the negro?" while Peck's Sun disposes of the question in a line. It says the best way is to leave the hen coop and melon patch unguarded and let him help himself, and even the reverend gentleman can not gainsay the soundness of the argument.

THE CHICAGO NEWS thus sizes up the little reprobator: "The once popular and pious William Mahone has shrunk away to such an extent as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. The present administration seems to regard him with the same haughty indifference with which a well-bred gentleman views a half-smoked cigarette in the gutter."

SO WELL an informed paper as the New York World should blush to make such a mistake as to speak of the Rev. Sam Jones, as "the colored Southern revivalist." Samuel is a "Kentuckian, by gawd sir," and as he stands over six feet in his stockings, Mr. Pulitzer had best stay on his side of the line when he wants to call him a negro.

ONE of its old editors, Mr. J. E. Murrell, has taken temporary charge of the Columbia Spectator and already it shows the touch of an expert. Its editor, Mr. Rollin Hurt, is a candidate for the Legislature and has neglected the paper till its appearance was an eye sore to every lover of neat typography.

EVERYTHING mean has been charged against members of the Illinois Legislature except rape and now that charge is meted made against Representative Jones, of Randolph county, who is charged with assault with intent to outrage Nannie Jones, a 12 year old girl, in the State-house at Springfield.

KEILEY, of Richmond, Va., seems to be in bad repute with the foreign governments. Italy refused to accept him as a Minister from the U. S., and now Austria follows suit. Some remark about the religion of the countries in a speech many years ago is given as the reason for not wishing his presence.

A COLORED lawyer was called by Judge R. H. Thompson to occupy during his absence the bench of the city court of Louisville and the latter is receiving much praise from the colored people. It was the first time that a black man ever acted as judge in the State.

AFTER July 1st, the heavy postage tax on newspapers will be relieved by 50 per cent. Last year that class of mail matter brought a revenue to the department of over two millions of dollars.

KENTUCKY offers up another sacrifice to the avenger of murder-to-day. Jordan Taylor, colored, will be hung at Hopkinsville for killing Nellie Saunders, whose head he cut off with an ax.

THE editor of the Hanover, Va., News, Claude Swanson by name, published a denunciatory article on Judge Edmond Waddell, recently discharged from the U. S. District Attorneyship, charging that he had sold himself to Mahone for office. The Judge thereupon challenged the editor and disappeared. But duelists usually manage to let the officers find out about their coming "affair of honor" and the Judge was arrested and bound over to keep the peace. The editor also had to furnish bondmen and instead of a noted duel the matter ends in a police court, just as both probably wished it would. These "dead game" Virginians are not always as brave as they advertise themselves and many of them resort to the "code" for the purpose of being brought before the courts.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—R. T. Merrick, an eminent lawyer, is dead at Washington.

—At Louisville, Philip Bellmyer was given 14 years on two charges of attempted rape.

—The Kentucky School of Medicine, of Louisville, graduated fifty-seven young doctors.

—Hon. Horace Burchard, Director of the Mints, declines to resign. It is probable that he will be removed.

—The library, 3,000 volumes, left by the late Dr. T. S. Bell, has been purchased by the Polytechnic Society for \$1,500.

—Thomas Back has been appointed to succeed George W. Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, as Appraiser at San Francisco.

—John Kenney, a negro prisoner in the jail at Cynthiana who tried to kill the deputy jailer, J. B. King, was shot by the latter and killed.

—As a result of the recent earthquakes in Cashmere, 3,081 persons lost their lives, 70,000 houses were laid in ruins, and 33,000 animals perished.

—The Marquis of Salisbury has accepted the office of Premier, thus making an important step in the settlement of the English political tangle.

—The excitement over the killing of young Schreiber, at Nashville, by three policemen, has grown very great, and \$5,000 has been subscribed to prosecute them.

—William Jackson, residing near Greensburg, Ind., was fatally injured while plowing corn, the plow handle striking him in the abdomen, causing death in twenty-four hours.

—It is predicted from Frankfort that Judge Bowden, of the Superior Court, will be the successful candidate for the Court of Appeals vice-Judge Hines, who declines to run again.

—Ground was broken Tuesday for a million-dollar Government building on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Louisville. It is to be completed in 1890.

—Five negroes, four men and one woman, were hung by a mob at Elkhart, Texas, Monday morning for the murder of Mrs. Randolph Hazell, the preceding night.

—Round-trip tickets from Louisville to the National Teachers' Association at Saratoga Springs have been placed on sale at \$16, good going July 6 to 13, inclusive; returning until August 31.

—Link Banks, a leader of the Letcher county outlaws, was instantly killed at Whitesburg by J. H. Frazier, whom he attacked on an old grudge. Banks had killed three men since Jan. 1st.

—Buddensick, the cheap contractor who built houses in New York with sand instead of mortar, has been sentenced to ten years in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for the killing of a man by the falling of a row of his rotten work.

—The action of Secretary Bayard in sending the Irregulars to Ecuador to back up the demand for a release of Santos is regarded as the best evidence that the Administration will protect American interests and American honor and will not hesitate to interfere again and promptly in Central American affairs if the occasion calls for it, as does not seem unlikely, in view of what is now transpiring on the Isthmus.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—John Graham obtained license to be married to Miss Jennie Benge. Both are residents of Garrard.

—The wills of Joe Baker, Achilles Allen and Garland King were admitted to probate in the county court Monday.

—Mrs. Wm. Forbush died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs Tuesday evening. Burial at Pleasant Grove cemetery Wednesday.

—Workmen began laying brick on C. C. Stormes new store room Thursday. The building will be two stories and will be used by Mr. Stormes as a drug and grocery store.

—Mr. James E. Murdoch, the celebrated elocutionist and dramatist, of Cincinnati, gave a reading at the City Hall on the evening of the 23d inst. He was greeted by a large audience who were delighted with the entertainment. Although 75 years of age Mr. Murdoch has all the fire, and his voice is as strong, clear and resonant as that of a young man of 25. His repertoire embraced the tragic, the pathetic and the humorous and his renditions were all superb. He is a grand old man.

—Miss Nellie Marra is visiting friends in Nicholasville. Rev. W. I. Fowle and family and Miss Bettie Jones are at Dripping Springs. Col. Sam Miller has gone to Cincinnati on business. Messrs. Will Vaughan, of Cincinnati, and E. L. Vaughan, of Shelbyville, are visiting their father, Rev. T. M. Vaughan. Miss Lillie Noel, who was reported convalescent, is now dangerously ill, we regret to say. Messrs. W. J. and Robt. Kinnaird went to Louisville Wednesday. Miss Honeywood Hoffman left Thursday for Winchester, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Richard Embury. Miss Kate Lundrum is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. G. Danlap at Nicholasville.

GEO. O. BARNES.

A Visit to the Castle of Chillon Graphically Described.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, May 12th, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

The wind was rather cold on deck and only cousin Judie and Will faced it. The rest of us contented ourselves with looking through the spacious cabin windows at the lovely scenery and making dashes up stairs when the boat touched at landings and the decrease in speed made the cutting breeze more tolerable.

Glorious from even cabin windows were the ever changing charms of mountain and lake. We did not repeat the blunder Vernon and I made last summer by going by the proper landing of a mile below the castle and then having a two-mile walk from the next point where the boat touches in order to get back to it. Instead of walking the 4, however, as most do, we chartered a skiff for 5 francs, the round trip, and rowed up to Chillon. It was a delightful way to go over the blue waters. Will took one pair of oars and our boatman the other and the little craft spun merrily along, propelled by strong arms. Landing under the frowning battlements, we clambered up to the draw-bridge level and chaperoned by the same guide, saying the same things in a weary, protesting way, as if he were tired to death going over the story, we leisurely "did" the famous old keep, in the pleased and horrified fashion that alternate as the varying objects of interest call up the changing emotions. Bonniard's column and the rusted iron ring where his chain was fastened; the condemned cell where the grim old Duke's prisoners passed their last night on earth; the gallows room, with the ancient cross-beam still in place; the postern door where the bodies were shot out into the lake after execution; the torture chamber in the story above, where rack and red-hot irons did their awful work; the Duke of Savoy's bed chamber; his Duchess' boudoir; the royal reception room; the chapel (no man likes to be without "his religion" to sanction whatever he does) the black gaping well with 4 stone steps and then—an 80 feet fall on sharp knives at the bottom, hacking the poor wretch to gibs; then exit, and glad to get out into the outer air, under God's blue sky, that looked down upon all these horrors, and still looks down and makes no sign, while as bad or worse things are going on. Thank God, one day it shall cleave and let the glorious King through, who shall right all wrongs and banish wrong from His redeemed earth. We quitted this horrible old place with its concentrated superabundance of gloomy associations and so few that relieve the dark lines of the picture.

We gathered some ferns and moss (Will clambering out of the boat and up the jagged rocks to get them) right under the narrow slit windows of Bonniard's prison. This "prisoner of Chillon" has been embalmed in Byron's verse, but I am not sure he has not been made too much of. I am not sure that he was not a pettefester malcontent, who gave the old Duke of Savoy a lot of trouble, until the "fortune of war" threw him into the unsparing hands of his old master. Then the iron "times" did the rest. Very likely he would have treated the Duke in the same way had he been the stronger. Who knows now, whether it was not "of one and of a dozen of 'other?" They were a "bad lot" all round, in those rough days of "strong cords and short shrifts" and nothing but the gospel can make any of us any better now.

We wrote postals at the railway station before the train came.

The lower Alps were still covered with the winter's white, and so we had a "snowy range" that in measure compensated for the invisible grandeur of real peaks. But the Himalayas will more than make up for Alpine losses.

We had a good dinner at Lausanne; Mons Dufour and Frank meeting us and the latter making himself invaluable in the 20 minutes we had for our meal, getting our tourists' tickets properly viced and countersigned; laying in lunch for the night, and getting our baggage stowed in a suitable compartment of the railway carriage, all of which enabled us to eat in peace and say "adien" unburiedly.

Between Lausanne and Geneva an obliging old Scotchman gave us what information we needed en route. Mt. Blanc still had his head in the clouds, and reluctantly we gave him up after leaving Geneva. From Geneva to Calvez we paid 12 francs extra for 1st class accommodation, there being no 21 on the train and we not wishing to wait for a later one. So we sped out of Switzerland.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20.—We crossed the frontier between Switzerland and France at Bellegarde and then again the frontier between France and Italy at Modane just before arrival at the Mont Cenis tunnel all the same night.

We had quite an unintentional "row" with the Bellegarde officials, owing to our ignorance of the language. When the train arrived we heard porters shouting, but supposed it to be the usual noise of announcement and sat still, knowing that we made no change before Modane. Where as the order was for all to get out and have luggage examined. I noticed an officer looking very wrathfully at us, and even that he seemed to be addressing some words, personally to our party; but being in blissful ignorance of what it was all about, we stared innocently at the indignant gentleman in "peg tops" and went on talking cheerfully. At last some porters came and began to haul our parcels off the shelves of the carriage in a most unceremonious way, vociferating angrily and motioning at us to get out. Following our baggage wonder-

ingly and still the innocent occasion of much wrathful commotion among the officials, we found ourselves in a great room where heaps of portmanteaus and satchels let us into the secret of the situation at once. They had a little revenge in most thoroughly ransacking us and tumbling as much as possible. At last we were re-bested in a rumpled condition in our compartment and off, to be again rummaged at Modane in crossing to Italian soil. It is a great inconvenience to travellers that the world is so subdivided under different ownerships, treating all comers as intruders. It is a sensation sui generis, also, to stand looking on while a perfect stranger roots suspiciously around in the compartments of your "Gladstone," upturning your clothing, jewelry and dressing material in the most reckless and familiar way possible and by every action making you feel that he is in temporary possession of your property. Indignation, remonstrance, kick, struggle for a brief moment in your outraged bosom, while the man of routine goes on with bent head, peering, poking, diving, wholly absorbed in his employment all unconscious of the storm he has raised just above him. He would be amazed if you collared him.

Near Modane we met a train filled with soldiers, and halting opposite on different tracks, one of them stared at George very rudely until she drew the curtain in his face. Whereat a roar of laughter greeted the discomfited gaze from his comrades, in the midst of which the train moved off.

We were 30 minutes going through the Mont Cenis tunnel, decidedly the king of punctures through this solid earth. I am told that the engineers did not miss their measurement more than a few inches in meeting in the heart of the mountain after working from both sides, a wonderful triumph of engineering skill.

On the French side we got a lot of exquisite moonlit views of the approaches to the tunnel.

We reached Turin at 2 in the morning. Its railway station is the handsomest in Europe, perhaps in the world. One is astonished at the plate glass mirrors and superb frescoes in the waiting rooms, more befitting a royal palace than a railway station. We had a weary 4 hours waiting there, at 6 off for Pisa and Genoa.

Alas for "Sunny Italy." What a huge joke it seemed. More disagreeable, villainous weather could hardly be conceived than that which enveloped us as we drew out of the old capital of Italy and stuck to us all this memorable day. We shivered and toasted our toes on the foot warmers, looked out on the forbidding landscape, draped in raw mists and adorned with a driving rain storm and then with one accord burst into an immoderate laugh. It was too good for "Sunny Italy." Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—The dry weather has caused the meadows to be almost a total failure.

—The church at this place will probably make arrangements for Elder J. L. Allen to preach during the remainder of the year.

—The board of examiners for this county will examine applicants for certificates to teach in the public schools, on Saturday, June 27th.

—Miss Mamie Kelley has returned to West Virginia. Miss Annie Higgins, of Kirksville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. W. Paris, of this place.

—Persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please come up and settle their accounts by the 15th of July. I am compelled to have the money. F. L. Thompson.

—W. R. Rimey was nominated by the republicans of Laurel county to make the race for the Legislature from Laurel and Rockcastle counties. Doc. Gofine is an independent republican candidate and says he intends to run the race through. The democrats have not put out a candidate yet. The Teachers institute for Rockcastle county will be held on the 27th day of July and will be conducted by Prof. W. E. Lugenbeel, principal of the Southern Indiana Normal school.

The Broadhead Graded School. [To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

The graded school at this place taught by Miss Allie Carson, closed its present term on the evening of the 19th of June, with a successful and interesting entertainment given by the pupils, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues and instrumental music. The occasion was largely attended. The admission fees at the door amounted to \$24.35. The exercises were varied and lasted until 12 o'clock. We must make special mention of the rendering of "King Bruce of Scotland," by the elocution class, and the seven young ladies representing the seven colors of the rainbow, who were Misses Kittie Butler, Rinda Tate, Roxie Barnes, Jennie Collier, Effie Crawford, Lizzie Harmon and Laura Vanhook. Their recitations and scenes were most splendid. We will also say that the play entitled "Pumpkin Ridge," was ably displayed by Alex. Harst, Grant Sigman, T. J. Cress, James Hardin, Roy Barnes, Edie Crawford and Sallie Rowland. Mr. Cress and Miss Barnes represented the two characters from "Pumpkin Ridge," and were attired to suit the occasion. The Cyclones, edited by Misses Crawford and Rowland, was a decided hit. The train to "Mauro," by James Hardin, Miss Jennie Collier and C. C. Newland, was very amusing. We could mention many other recitations and plays that were equally interesting but fear it would be intruding on your columns. Suffice it to say that all did well and much praise is due Miss Carson for her efficient training and the pupils for the manner in which they all acquitted themselves. The next term of school will begin August 31st, under the supervision of Miss Allie Carson. J. H. V.

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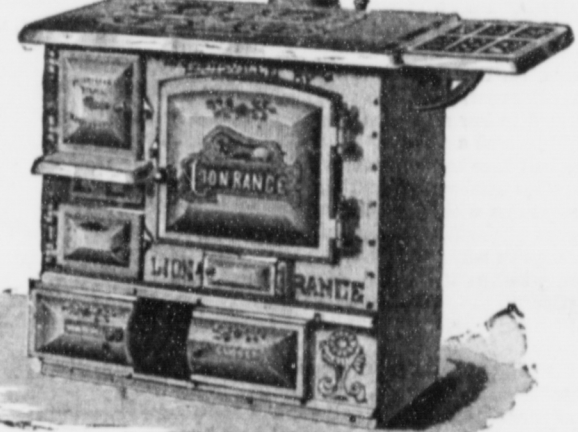
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